

CONCERT OF DEBUSSY MUSIC

FIRST ORCHESTRAL PROGRAMME
HERE OF HIS COMPOSITIONS.

New York Symphony Society Devotes an Afternoon to the French Composer of Ultra-Modern Works—New Theatre Audience Seems to Like Most of It.

New York's first orchestral concert of music by Claude Debussy took place yesterday afternoon at the New Theatre. The orchestra was that of the Symphony Society, conducted by Walter Damrosch, and the programme also called for the services of Miss Julia Heinrich, mezzo-soprano; George Harris, tenor; Georges Barrere, the black bearded flute virtuoso of the orchestra, and a choir from the Musical Art Society under direction of Frank Damrosch. The audience was a large one, especially in the two balconies, and there was evidence of discriminating appreciation of the music, even of the familiar and some new, that was presented. The programme had variety. There was a march movement, "Cortège," and the tenor air of Arzel, both from Debussy's *Prix de Rome* piece, "L'Enfant Prodigue," dating from 1884. Two of the "Nocturnes" were performed, the familiar "Fête" and "Les Sirènes," new here and requiring a chorus of women's voices, which are blended with the orchestra with ingenious employment of their characteristic timbre.

The prelude to Mallarmé's poem "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune," known to local concertgoers through several repetitions, was inevitably on the programme, and so was the unfamiliar "Marche Ecossaise," written in 1891. The three choruses to fourteenth century poems of Charles Duke of Orleans, which the Musical Art Society sang at its concert last month, were heard again, and a novelty was the song "Le Jet d'Eau" with orchestral accompaniment, sung by Miss Heinrich. The remaining numbers on the list were the andantino and scherzo from the string quartet, played by all the strings of Mr. Damrosch's violin, viola and cello groups, and two transcriptions for flute and piano of the "Minuet" and "Arabesque," piano pieces written in 1884 and 1891 respectively.

The list, as above given, reads like a long one, but the auditors kept interested and remained until the end. What might have happened if Mr. Damrosch had limited his programme to music in Debussy's late manner, instead of drawing upon the composer's several periods of development, is another matter. For there is no doubt that Debussy, like other creative artists that have devised a highly individual mode of utterance, has had times in which the manner meant more to him than the thought, and at such times the music is felt by the hearer. The same is true, for example, of Claude Monet, whose several hundred paintings include many that are simply exercises of technique. Such canvases are interesting to students of the so-called Impressionistic movement in contemporary art, but their appeal is not general. Monet's fame is based not upon these but upon the paintings in which the manner is skillfully used but is subservient to the theme that inspired the picture, and is in fact a necessary means of expression of the artist's thought.

As there are Monet enthusiasts who find the French painter significant and worth while in spite of his manner so there may be Debussy enthusiasts who accept the composer's persistent employment of the six-tone scale and his evasion of definite tonality when these devices illuminate and quicken the thought that lies under but see no inherent value in the music in these methods for their own sake. In Debussy's case, as in Monet's, it is fair to say that the manner is usually associated with subjects which accept the composer's manner, and that the manner is the prism through which the subjects are seen. In the case of Debussy, the subjects are of nature or poetry, to the witful or quaint. So it comes about that his peculiar manner—the development of a method of expression precisely adapted to his creative impulse.

In his student days in Paris Debussy's style was only partly formed and his early work was marked by a certain vagueness of ideas that it afterward became. Yesterday's excerpts from "L'Enfant Prodigue" illustrated this, for in both the "Cortège" and "Le Jet d'Eau" his manner, with its inconclusive and haunting harmonies, became insistent and a little wearisome. The "minuet" from the "Petite Suite" is arranged for piano and violin, and is of the same period but is more frank in its mood and less characteristic of the composer's fluent musical language. It afforded a welcome note of contrast with the earlier programme, as well as an opportunity to enjoy the silver tones of Mr. Barrere's flute and the sympathetic touch of Mr. Damrosch upon the piano.

Barrere's flute, which has called forth some of Debussy's most perfumed utterances, was drawn upon by the composer for the text of his song, "Le Jet d'Eau," dating from 1891. The first of yesterday's orchestral accompaniment that Debussy provided for it over a decade after its appearance in its original form the delicate and aromatic beauty of the words, from the French poet, Paul Ivoi, and the performance, despite Miss Julia Heinrich's artistic intelligence, lacked the steady flow that music as well as text invited.

The two specimens of Debussy's 1891 vintage given yesterday harked back to the composer's earlier style, or perhaps better they denoted his ability to widen the bounds of his so-called domain of mystery, from the French poet, Paul Ivoi, and the performance, despite Miss Julia Heinrich's artistic intelligence, lacked the steady flow that music as well as text invited.

The three choruses sung by the Musical Art Society suffered from the acoustic qualities of the New Theatre, sounding thin and colorless as compared with their recent effect in Carnegie Hall. "The Afternoon of a Faun" exerted its familiar charm; here Debussy is on his own ground, and the two movements from the quartet, which the Kneissels made known here seven years ago in its entirety, demonstrated again that the French composer when limited by the lack of a large orchestral palette to the tones obtainable from four stringed instruments could think consecutively and with formal clarity. They provided some of the best moments of yesterday's concert.

"Sirènes," which was a novelty, employs with ingenuity a chorus of women's voices. For several pages the composer suggests the alluring insistence of the sirens by dividing his choir into groups singing their long phrases in unison. One group taking up the note before its predecessor has relinquished it, thus creating the effect of unbroken and continuous song. Apart from this "Les Sirènes" at first hearing disclosed less of beauty and interest than either of its companions in the trio of nocturnes.

The performance of most of this Debussy music was praiseworthy and the orchestra's quality was proved more than once.

Damrosch conducted with intelligence, though not with emotional fascination. Mr. Harris's singing of the air of Arzel had the merit of clear enunciation and Miss Heinrich's contributions were acceptable. Mr. Barrere's flute gave unalloyed pleasure.

EZRA KENDALL, ACTOR, DEAD
Suddenly Stricken While Under Treatment in Sanitarium.

MARTINSVILLE, Ind., Jan. 25.—Ezra Kendall, actor, died very suddenly at the Martinsville Sanitarium this morning, presumably from hemorrhage of the brain. The exact cause of death has not been officially determined.

Mr. Kendall arrived here three days ago and said he had come for rest and recuperation and arrangements were made to take baths at the sanitarium. He was assigned to a room and a nurse was appointed to wait on him, but he appeared in good general health though possibly more nervous than usual.

He did not indicate any fear of serious complications and the attending physician did not look upon his case as more serious than that of hundreds who are here to take the baths and drink the water. The attendant who remained in Kendall's room last night went off at 8 o'clock this morning, making a report that his patient had rested well throughout the night and about 8 o'clock, however, Kendall showed signs of depression and soon became unconscious and failed to rally under stimulants and died at 9 o'clock.

Nervous prostration consequent upon his work is regarded as the primary cause of his death.

Ezra Kendall became ill at Oakland, Cal., on January 7 and closed the tour of "The Vinegar Buyer," in which he was starring.

Mr. Kendall was born in 1861 on a farm in Allegany county, New York. After a common school education he learned the trade of a printer. Later he worked on a New York newspaper as a reporter and then went to Olean, N. Y., where he worked on the Times.

His professional debut was made in Elizabeth, N. J., in 1880 in a farce called "Rascal Pat." He was with Lillian Cleaves-Clark in "Only a Farmer's Daughter" at a salary of \$4 a week and expense. Before he died he became the highest salaried monologist on the American stage. His first hit was made in "Wanted, a Partner," at Rankin's Third Avenue Theatre. After that he wrote and produced "We, Us and Co.," and became a star. For eleven years he was the star in another play written by himself, a farce called "A Pair of Kids."

He seldom appeared in New York in plays but was a favorite on the vaudeville stage of the White Rats, the vaudeville actors' association, and was second big draw of the White Rats. Kendall was married some years ago to Jennie Dunn, who once was a vaudeville actress. His widow and six children are in Cleveland, George, F. J. Golden, and the late Mrs. R. J. Golden, who is playing in New Orleans, sent the first information of Kendall's death to the White Rats. The White Rats wired their sympathies to Mrs. Kendall.

NO ACCIDENT TO CAMPANIA.
She Saw the Martello Turret to Repair Her Rudder in a Heavy Sea.

Capt. C. A. Smith, the only Cunard captain who has R. D. after his name, meaning that he has achieved royal distinction by long and meritorious service, brought in the steamship *Campania* yesterday and expressed surprise that there had been any more than the usual interest manifested because of her storm belated passage from Queenstown. Although she had not been heard from until she was off Nantucket on Saturday afternoon Capt. Smith said she had been in the hands of a broken rudder earlier and that the wireless operator had sent personal messages to this country by way of that station. He did not report himself at the station because he was then on time. He accounted for a part of the time lost on the trip by the fact that he took the long route having sailed on the very day, January 15, when the rule went into effect.

Mrs. E. B. Larimer, the wife of Lieut. Larimer of the navy, stationed at Annapolis, and daughter of Rear-Admiral W. T. Butler, a passenger by the *Campania*, said she sailed on the ship in the hope of seeing her father, who was seriously ill in Wales, before he died. On the day she sailed she did not read the morning papers which contained despatches telling of his death. She was too far from port to return by the ship, and she was too tired to read the papers. She was transferred to a westbound ship if the weather was favorable, but the weather was boisterous, and anyhow the Umbria did not sail until the next day.

Larimer waited two days after reaching Liverpool and sailed back by the *Campania*. The body of her father was shipped from Liverpool by the steamship *Hamford* and arrived last Thursday at Philadelphia. The funeral services were postponed to await the return of Mrs. Larimer.

The *Campania* sighted on January 17, when she was about four hundred miles off the Irish coast, the Hull Line steamship *Martello* with a broken rudder making an effort to repair in a heavy sea. She was in the hands of the *Campania*, but being nearer the other side decided to turn back and go back to the nearest port for repairs. The *Campania* heard by wireless that a tug had been sent to meet the disabled ship off the Irish coast.

The Lusitania, due yesterday at Queenstown, was communicated with by wireless and asked to tell the *Martello* that a tug was coming out to help her.

MRS. EDDY PLEASED.
Wires to the First Church Her Joy in the Victory of Truth.

Two telegrams were read by First Reader Virgil O. Strickler at the regular service yesterday morning in the First Church of Christ, Scientist, at Ninety-sixth street and Central Park West.

The telegrams had to do with the recent action of the church in ousting the board of trustees which was faithful to Mrs. August E. Stetson. The first telegram was sent to Mrs. Eddy by the new board of trustees immediately after its organization, on January 19, and was as follows:

Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, Brookline, Mass.
BELOVED LEADER: We rejoice that our church has promptly made its demonstration by action at its annual meeting in accordance with your desire for a truly democratic and liberal government.

CHARLES A. DEAN, Chairman Board of Trustees.
Mrs. Eddy's reply was dated Brookline, Mass., on the following day, January 20, and read:

Charles A. Dean, Chairman Board of Trustees, 1 West Ninety-sixth Street, New York.
BELOVED RETURN: I rejoice with you to the victory of light over wrong, of truth over error.

MARY BAKER EDDY.
Mr. Strickler read the telegrams in the time reserved for notices in the morning service, and there was no opportunity for a demonstration.

BRITISH CAMPAIGN POSTERS

GRAPHIC PLEAS AGAINST AND FOR PEERS AND FREE TRADE.

Every Foot of Available Space in England and Scotland Placarded in Favour of Peers—The Loaf and the Policy—Little Duke—Tariff Object Lessons.

LONDON, Jan. 15.—One of the most amusing features of the political campaign is the way that both the Conservative and Liberal parties have covered all England and Scotland with posters illustrating the main issues of the campaign. The whole country has been a public picture gallery for weeks.

In English towns of course political posters have been made use of before, but never on the same scale of size or quantity as this year. In the villages the appeal to the voter's sympathy through the eye is being used for the first time. Now everywhere are available spaces on fences, empty buildings, trees, in house windows and shop windows have been covered with highly colored dramatic prints representing the dominant issues of the great fight.

The poster which produces an instant effect upon the mind is England's modern substitute for those simple ballads which used to be sung all over the country at times of political crises and which often settled the fate of parties and even of Kings, for it was "Lilli Bullero" which is said to have inflamed the mass of the people against James II. Nowadays the political ditty is a poor thing incapable of stirring any one, and cartoons executed in much red, yellow, green and purple paint have ousted it completely.

It would be difficult to state which party had spent most time and money on devising and securing appropriate posters. They have vied equally with one another in the number and variety of their political pictures. Should the Liberals bring out a particularly striking poster the Conservatives have lost no time in following it up with one quite as striking and effective, and half the population of England, urban and rural, has spent its time for weeks gazing "first on this picture, then on this."

The Conservatives, being determined that tariff reform shall be their main issue, have devoted all their energies to showing the disadvantages of free trade, while the Liberals have more or less ignored that question and have exercised their ingenuity in grotesque representations of startled peers and aggrieved landowners. Perhaps the most popular Conservative poster is the one showing a workman and his starved looking little girl passing a "free trade bakery." Underneath is written: "What's the use of a big loaf without the money to buy it?"

Another is a workman looking at a signboard which reads "Free trade gives you the large loaf" and saying contemptuously: "Hum, yes, and takes away the work which allows me to buy it." A third is a gang of unemployed being driven along by Lloyd-George labelled "Radical free trade slaves." This poster always attracts a great crowd and is a big object of a well covered wall. Another popular picture is that of the workman with his head in his hands, looking at a sign which reads "The foreigner has my job." This, of course, is adapted from a famous painting "with apologies to the artist."

The poster of a high pile of American money, the last of the London last year is widely shown, and underneath is the information that had they been made in England they would have given employment to at least 1,000 men for a month.

Conservative ingenuity has not stopped at posters, however. At Hoxton, the birthplace of the chairmaking industry, the chairs of the last year have been taken down, a cane seated chair has been shown in a shop window. It was labelled "American made and brought to Hoxton duty free, and was intended to point out how the foreigner supplanted English industry.

Advertisements of cheap clothing sold in New York are exhibited to show the voters how cheap clothing is made in America. One of these advertisements, purporting to have been cut from a New York paper, told of "gents' overcoats, \$1 a piece." The advertisement was cut from a paper that could have been taken from any New York paper.

Turning to the Liberal efforts to persuade the elector that "a vote given to the Unionists is a vote to bolster up the House of Lords," the Liberal posters are many and varied. Naturally the peers are always pictured in their robes or coronets, which is a great help to the elector, who is usually a few points of head and conspicuously lacking in chin.

The best poster on the peers has become known as "the little duke" all over the country. It shows a peer in a top hat and a monocle, and is a very common place peer with his eyes bulging out and mouth drawn down in disgust as he says, "What's my land for? There's a lot of money in ash trays and cigarette boxes." It represents a very commonplace little peer with his eyes bulging out and mouth drawn down in disgust as he says, "What's my land for? There's a lot of money in ash trays and cigarette boxes."

He has shoved "the people," represented by one small man, off into space. Still another poster shows a peer, a peerless patient, is being examined by Dr. Asquith, and on the extensive swelling of his cranium is written "absolute, etc." Still another peer is occupying a whole railway carriage, while a poor peasant, looking very disgusted while Lloyd-George as a railroad guard is saying to him: "Look here, if you occupy the whole carriage you must pay for it."

Regarding the old age pensions, the Liberal poster has been bewildered, for on one hand he has Liberal posters showing happy looking old people gratefully drawing their money from the pocket of the Conservative, and on the other hand he has Liberal posters with workmen declaring "Old age pensions were first thought of by the Conservatives, and the idea borrowed by the Liberals; how will the Liberals raise the money to pay for them?" fill yards and yards of available space.

The Conservative posters have printed columns descriptive of the prosperity of Germany and America and the absence of unemployment in either country. The Liberal press writes heart-rending accounts of the poverty of the United States, and the Conservative posters show a man of horseflesh and black bread, of thousands of American workmen seeking any kind of employment and not finding it, so the elector has every reason to be puzzled by the apparent discrepancy in facts, figures and pictures issued.

Lotha Faust Dangerously Ill.
Lotha Faust, the actress, who has been ill at Dr. Bull's sanitarium, 33 East Thirty-third street, for the last ten days, was reported last night to be dangerously ill of pneumonia that has developed since an operation a week ago. Miss Faust had improved steadily up to a day or so ago and her physicians and friends had every hope for her recovery until she developed pneumonia.

Chimney Fire at the St. Regis.
A policeman in Fifth avenue yesterday afternoon saw flames coming from what he supposed was the roof of the Hotel St. Regis and notified the management. He went to the roof with the policeman. They found that the flames and smoke were coming from a chimney flue and a little salt stopped the trouble.

Judge Patterson Very Low.
Edward Patterson, up to January 1 last presiding Justice of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, who has been seriously ill at his home, 13 East Thirty-ninth street, for the last few days, was reported last night to be very low.

The Direct Effect of Miscegenation on Innocent Women and Babies

This is a subject about which people have thought it "improper" to talk, or even think. The result is shown in figures—to it is due 65 per cent. of the surgical operations on good women and one-third of all blindness in babies; it is ten times as contagious as leprosy, and causes more deaths than tuberculosis—and it thrives only because it is tabooed in speech. Plain and public words are necessary. The story is told in PEARSON'S MAGAZINE for February. It is a revelation of the effect of the depravity of man and the thoughtlessness of youth. It will offend prudes, but right is always right. It is the most important story to young men and women that has been printed. Buy this magazine now.

What the Central Bank plan means to you is set forth in the same magazine—a comprehensive explanation of the whole thing, its advantages and its risks to the average man. The great question of the liability of employers toward the injured working man is discussed from both points of view, that of the boss and of the man. Another article includes a definite statement from women of the particular advantages that this country will gain by allowing them to vote—the first authoritative explanation of just what laws the women think should be changed. The effect of a prohibitory liquor law on general business as shown by the experience of the State of Kansas is described by an impartial observer. John B. Stanton writes of the best way to invest money, and Zach Moore tells the life story of Erman J. Ridgway. The action is supplied by Arthur Stringer, E. Phillips Oppenheim, Walter Prichard Eaton, Owen Johnson, George Partullo, Oscar Graevs, Allan Updegraff, and William McLeod Raine. You can't beat that list, and the stories are better even than you think.

Pearson's Magazine for February
THE LIVEST MAGAZINE THIS MONTH

LIVE TOPICS ABOUT TOWN.

"Why do I get to New York so often?" repeated a lawyer from west of the Mississippi who has a habit of bobbing up in New York every few weeks.

"Well, I'll tell you. There does not seem to be a big case out with us that hasn't a New York end to it. I don't mind the fact of having to come to New York so often, but what I do hate is that when I have something on hand that promises a snug little fee of \$5,000 I have to let some New York lawyer tear off a good sized corner of the check."

The majority of those ungrateful recipients of Christmas presents who tried to exchange them for something that suited them better were delighted to find that in the largest stores it is the policy of the day to give back the money rather than to allow a credit for the amount of the purchase.

"We found that persons used to keep their cash in a few dollars," said one of the cashiers said yesterday, "as long as three or four years and then return some fine day with the idea that we were going to redeem them. This caused no end of trouble, as it was not easy for us to trace the amount on our books. The other stores had the same experience, and now there are few of them that would not much rather give back the money and regard the transaction as closed."

"Aviators like Paulhan, who is reputed to be receiving \$50,000 for his visit to this country, and Blériot, whom I know to have made \$300,000 since he flew across the English Channel, are lucky to be making it now," said an Aero Club enthusiast in the clubhouse the other night after he had just left the steamer from France.

"In another year there will be so much competition that you will be able to hire daring aeronauts like Paulhan and Blériot as cheap as high divers are now procured by county fairs. Why, in France alone there are now actually 300 men known to be flying in various makes of planes, and they are getting more and more plentiful. A few years ago the craze once got a grip in this country and on our streets will be a positive peril beside which the menace of automobiles will be forgotten."

There is one hostess in New York who says that she is never inconvenienced, even when a man guest has to give out at the last minute.

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"I wouldn't undertake to provide a complete weather service for the whole United States," said a non-suffragette woman householder, "but I would undertake to tell the Weather Bureau what it's going to do here in New York two days in the month; and I guess that in about a year or so I would have struck up quite a reputation as a weather sharper, because my predictions would never fail to come true."

"Twice a month a man comes to wash our windows, and it never fails to rain or snow the next day on our clean windows. He doesn't always come on the same day in the month. He may come one month on the third and the nineteenth and the next month on the seventh and the twenty-third, but no matter what day he comes it always rains the next day, and I shouldn't think you'd want anything surer than that. There would be two days anyway that I could help on a lot, and when the window man came I could just send word: 'I would be more than willing to give the weather office all the credit of the prediction.'"

"Quer," said the letter man, "how long people will hang on to a letter that has been left with them by mistake before they give it back; they may hang on to a letter like that for days. Not because they want the letter hanging around; as a matter of fact they don't, and they say to themselves every day, 'Now I must give that letter back to the postman.' But they just neglect it; they mean to do it, but they don't, and it may be a week before they get to say 'Postman, here's a letter that you left with our mail that doesn't belong to us.'"

"Now, you know, the people that do that may be the very nicest people in the world, the very nicest, and they don't mean to do anything wrong; but what do you suppose they would think of anybody that would think of anybody that would neglect a letter that was left with them by mistake? Wouldn't they think they were a careless, neglectful, I don't know what sort of a man? And wouldn't they be justified in thinking so?"

"These people who are always complaining about getting skimmed milk from their dairymen don't know what they are talking about," remarked an engineer. "So many things are manufactured from it now that it has grown into a big industry. This slide rule that I have in my pocket is made from skimmed milk. The ties in the subway and piano keys are two other articles which are manufactured from the same thing, and there are dozens of others that I can't recollect just now. It isn't necessary any more for the milkman to palm off the milk on his customers after the cream has been taken off."

One of the oldest established pawnbrokers on Lexington avenue learned something at his own expense the other day when an Italian came in with three diamond rings to pledge. The Italian asked \$350 for the lot. The pawnbroker, who after the custom of the trade carried a very fine diamond on his finger for purposes of appraisal, others, took off his ring and matched its setting with the stones offered.

"Three hundred for the lot," he announced. "No, no, tree hundred feely," the Italian protested. "He begged for a few minutes and then the pawnbroker shrugged his shoulders to indicate that he would do no business on his customer's terms. As he did so he pushed the rings over the counter. The Italian swept them into his palm and departed. It was not until too late that the pawnbroker noticed that his own gauging ring had been among the lot that he pushed across the counter."

The hallway had fairly split his throat shouting directions to deaf persons who had called to see Mr. Schwartz. Mr. Schwartz lived in the fourth floor rear right apartment, through the long hall and up the back stairs. It took a good deal of shouting to make some folks understand that.

"I never saw so many deaf men in my life," said he. "What on earth are they all running up to Schwartz's for?"

"Mr. Schwartz has advertised a deaf man's phonograph for sale," said a neighbor. "He is very hard of hearing. The phonograph was made especially for him. It has an unusually loud tone. Nobody but the hard of hearing can live with such entertainment. Mr. Schwartz, to save trouble, advertised for a deaf purchaser."

"That story in THE SUN the other day about the complaint in the police court with eight witnesses winning over the defendants with six in favor to life in the courts all right," said an old bridge policeman. "I remember a case in the old civil court at Jefferson Market where the lawyer for the complainant asked the defendant how many witnesses he had. 'Twelve,' said defendant. 'Judge, adjourn the case until tomorrow and I'll get sixteen,' said the lawyer."

To Build a Home for Aged Gentlemen.
Forty Southern women in this city have started a movement for the raising of funds to build a home for aged gentlemen. The membership of the committee will be increased, it is expected, to four or five hundred within a short time. The committee is figuring on aid from the Southern societies in this city and possibly from some of the Southern States. A bridge party at the home of Mrs. LeRoy Brown, at 148 West Seventy-seventh street, tomorrow afternoon, will be the first step toward raising the necessary fund. Other entertainments will follow.

The Seagoers.
The North German Lloyd liner Kronprinz Wilhelm, which sails to-morrow for Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen, will carry one of the largest lists of cabin passengers booked for northern Europe this winter, including:

Anthony A. Draxel, E. H. Bennett, Frank P. Dwyer, E. W. S. Jasper, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Lapham, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Odde, Mr. E. F. Radford, the Rev. George F. Nelson, Mrs. A. G. Odine, E. W. Vincent and Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Roe, Jr.

HARMAPHILLIOS CHUCKED OUT

GREEK MEETING OF PROTEST HAS A LIVELY MOMENT.

Just What the Occasion Was It Wasn't Easy to Learn, but the Upshot Is a Vote of Disapproval of Vlasto and "Atlantis"—Disjointed Interpretation.

When the Athenians handed Hyperbolicus the oyster shell of popular disapproval in the good old days before the direct primary Hyperbolicus dusted from the Acropolis with some speed, but not with the speed of Nestor Harmaphillios leaving the basement of Webster Hall on East Eleventh street yesterday afternoon. The two hundred Greeks who helped Nestor to leave the hall did not wait to hand him an oyster shell; it was the great good fortune of Nestor that they abstained from handing him anything.

All because Nestor Harmaphillios dared to try to speak at an indignation meeting called to protest the Greek newspaper *Atlantis* and its editor, Solon J. Vlasto, for being respectively the organ and the inspirer of treason. The indignant participants in the meeting decided that Nestor Harmaphillios wanted to talk in favor of the newspaper and its editor, so with perfect unanimity they all arose and pitched Nestor up a short flight of stairs from the basement room where the meeting was in progress to a spot on East Eleventh street midway between curb and curb. He was not hurt, but he didn't come back.

The cause for the meeting and for the expression of its spirit upon the person of Nestor Harmaphillios was an article appearing recently in a New York evening paper to the effect that \$500 New York Greeks were preparing an appeal to the American Government to save them from the attempt of Lambro A. Coronias, the Greek Minister at Washington, to levy a head tax of \$10 a year upon every native born Greek in the United States for the support of King George's Government at home. The article continued to state that a protest had been made by the Greek community, merchants of New York to Solon J. Vlasto, editor of the Greek newspaper *Atlantis*.

On the same evening that this statement appeared the *Atlantis* carried in its columns a summary of the news with the added statement that the news had been furnished to the afternoon paper carrying the story by Mr. Vlasto, the Greek Minister at Washington, and that the Greek community, merchants of New York to Solon J. Vlasto, editor of the Greek newspaper *Atlantis*.

As Mr. Xanthakos, the interpreter of yesterday's meeting, explained to the reporter, the last account was too much for Mr. Xanthakos, who is himself the editor of the *Panellenic*, said that he had answered this aspersion by challenging the editor of the *Atlantis* through the editor of the *Panellenic* to a duel. Mr. Xanthakos, who is himself the editor of the *Panellenic*, said that he had answered this aspersion by challenging the editor of the *Atlantis* through the editor of the *Panellenic* to a duel.

Mr. Xanthakos was so busy during the electric moments of the meeting that he had to delegate an assistant to serve as interpreter. Unfortunately this assistant was so partisan and so interested in the slaying of Editor Vlasto that he only interpreted in spots at the moments when high pitched applause was drowning the words of the speaker.

"This man says that Vlasto has always been against any movement among the patriotic Greeks to help the Government at home," was one of the crumbs of the interpreter's discourse. "He says that every good Greek is willing and always has been willing to send home some money sometimes to pay to the Government, who is having hard time to get along. . . . Mr. Xanthakos was so busy during the electric moments of the meeting that he had to delegate an assistant to serve as interpreter. Unfortunately this assistant was so partisan and so interested in the slaying of Editor Vlasto that he only interpreted in spots at the moments when high pitched applause was drowning the words of the speaker."

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Just then came the interruption of Nestor Harmaphillios's expulsion. When the chairs had all been set in place again and the speaker resumed the volunteer interpreter was not there to take up his task. Fully an hour more did the speakers rage and the host that the Greek aliens could deduce from the speaking was that it was emphatic. At the end of the whole meeting passed a resolution. The interpreter bobbed up just then with a copy of the resolution in English. This resolution was that all Greeks all over America and Canada should unite to denounce and stigmatize the *Atlantis* and should proclaim their undying devotion for and trust in Minister Coronias at Washington.

Greenwich Church Raising \$57,000.
GREENWICH, Jan. 23.—The Rev. M. George Thompson, rector of the Church of the Holy Trinity, announced to-day that \$47,000 for furnishing the new \$100,000 church, which is in course of erection and for a new parish house and rectory has been raised, and all within three months.

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